

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, RECITATIVES,
CHORUSSES, & CONCERTED PIECES

IN THE

NEW GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA

OF

HENRIQUE:
OR, THE LOVE-PILGRIM!

The Overture and the whole of the Music by

W. M. ROOKE,

The Drama and Poetry by

J. T. HAINES.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

ON THURSDAY, MAY 2ND, 1839.



L O N D O N :

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D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Henrique, King of Arragon, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{surnamed "the Love"} \\ \text{"Pilgrim," disguised} \\ \text{as a Montero, or} \\ \text{Mountain Hunter} \end{array} \right\}$ Mr. W. HARRISON,

Carlos, Count Alcala, (*Senor of La Guardia*) .. Mr. LEFFLER,

Alvaro de Luna, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{late Minister and General of} \\ \text{Juan, King of Castile, exiled} \\ \text{and concealed among the Zin-} \\ \text{gari of the Serrania} \end{array} \right\}$ Mr. H. PHILLIPS,

Leolf de Zuniga, (*a Young Knight*) Mr. MANVERS,

Diego Goto, (*the Esquire of De Luna*) Mr. HARLEY,

Rodrigo, } *the Esquires of Alcala* } Mr. ROBERTS,
Pedro, } Mr. BANNISTER,

El Ximen, .. (*Leader of the Wild Zingari*) .. Mr. BEDFORD,

Knights, Nobles, Monks, Soldiers, Peasants, and Zingari.

Alzine, (*Daughter of De Luna*) Miss RAINFORTH,

Amabel, (*Countess of Valentia*) Miss P. HORTON,

Afra, (*a Zingarella*) Mrs. EAST.

Ladies of the Court, Castilian and Andalusian Peasants, Zingarelli, &c.

SCENE—Spain—the Frontiers of Castile, Grenada, and Andalusia.

TIME—Juan the Second, of Castile.

THE ARGUMENT OF ACT I.

“ALVARO DE LUNA, the celebrated Minister of Juan the Second, King of Castile, is secretly traduced at Court by some unknown enemy, who, bribing an Adelide or Spy employed by him, is enabled to obtain possession of his purposes, and to forge papers purporting to be his correspondence with the Moors; the enraged King seizes on the Palace and Estates of the supposed Traitor, and dooms him (should he be made captive) to instant death; through the prompt aid of a true friend the ruined Minister saves himself by flight, and is joined in the Serrania Vermeja (or Red Mountains) by his trusty Esquire, who brings with him De Luna's only child, Alzine—in his rocky retreat he is sheltered and befriended by an outcast tribe of Zingaros (then new to Europe) whose leader he had spared.”

“During the banishment of De Luna, the Nobles have dethroned their King, Juan, and attracted by the brilliant warlike talents of his cousin, Henrique, King of Arragon, have offered to that Monarch the vacant throne of Castile. At a meeting of the Rebel Hidalgos in Cordova (whither De Luna accompanied by his Daughter has been attracted by the hope of obtaining justice) Henrique has for a moment seen the disguised Alzine, and is smitten by her beauty—in the confusion he loses trace of her, and in the disguise of a Montero (or Mountain Hunter) sets out on a pilgrimage of love to find his charmer—chance leads him to the Serrania, he attracts the notice of De Luna, recognises Alzine (though ignorant of her rank) as the maiden so admired in Cordova, and in his supposed character of a Hunter gains her love.”

“At this period the Drama commences, a Pacquet is brought to De Luna as the bequest of the treacherous and now dying Adelide, who had deceived him. Count De Alcala (the unknown betrayer) arrives at the neighbouring Fortress of La Guardia to meet his intended bride, the young Amabel, heiress of Valentia, whose beauty Alcala has been sent by Henrique of Arragon to report to him, he then intending to unite her Province with his own by a marriage—but falling in love with her, Alcala traduces her personal charms, and gains from the King (who in the interim has seen Alzine) free permission to espouse her, as he asserts for her wealth alone—hunting, Alcala encounters Alzine in the Forest, and she is rescued from his libertine advances by De Luna’s arrival, she feigns a tale of being attacked by a wolf, and De Luna is taught to believe that Alcala (personally to him unknown) is her preserver, the Zingari arrive, Henrique (who has discovered the falsehood of Alcala’s report of the beauty of Amabel, and has placed troops upon the road to intercept the approaching Bride) is with them, but concealed from the recognition of his treacherous friend—the Cavalcado of the Countess of Valentia is seized, and the Act closes on the fury and terror of the expectant Bridegroom.”

*** The Author is aware that he has anticipated the arrival of the Eastern Wanderers, known as Zingaros by (according to Pasquier) about twenty years.

ACT II.

“THE young Countess Amabel of Valentia having secretly plighted her vows to a youthful Knight named Leolf de Zuniga, (whose sole possession is his sword) resolves on evading the order of the King,

which would compel her to espouse Alcala—for this purpose she exchanges places with her Tire Woman, hoping while they conduct her veiled representative to the expectant Bridegroom, that she may be enabled to escape to her own lover—her plot defeats itself, for on the seizure of her Cavalgado by the Troops of Henrique, he politely detains her abigail, and sends her forward under escort to the very place she most would fly from (Alcala's Castle) to prepare the Bridal Gear, here in her assumed character of Tire Woman she meets and tries the faith of Leolf, planning with him how to escape the hated Bridal."

"The fears of Alcala are allayed by receiving a message from the King, promising himself to bring and to bestow the Bride, Henrique has seen the trembling representative of Amabel—at this moment De Luna is observed coming from the chamber of the treacherous Adelide—who in his dying agony has confessed to him the plot by which his ruin was completed, and delivered to his keeping the originals of the forgeries: ignorant who has been his foe, and grateful to Alcala for the supposed preservation of his daughter, De Luna determines to throw himself on the patriotism of that Noble, and claim his aid in obtaining justice; he fortunately tests him first and thus preserves his secret, though not without exciting the suspicions of Alcala, who has determined to possess himself of the beautiful Alzine—with this purpose, shielded by the darkness of the night, he plans to force her from her father's retreat—Henrique deciding that he cannot offer his Crown to the Daughter of an outcast Zingaro (such he supposes De Luna) has resolved once more to see her and bid farewell for ever, he meets Alzine, and is attacked by the myrmidons of Alcala, who in the conflict recognises him as the King, the discovery of her lover's rank proving at once the hopelessness of her



passion, and the treachery of him she thought so perfect, distracts Alzine, and drives her Father and the Zingari to fury, the disguised Monarch is only saved from immediate destruction by her devotion."

ACT III.

"THE Zingari Leader remembering that his Brother, the traitor Adelide, had been in the service of the Count Alcala, suspects that Noble for the secret enemy of De Luna, and by a stratagem gets employed by him to negotiate the surrender of La Guardia to the Moors, upon condition they secure the Countess of Valentia as the Bride of its betrayer. Alcala resorts to this act of treachery to revenge himself for the insults of Henrique, and to secure possession of the youthful Heiress and her Lands, thereby aspiring to the Throne itself.'

"De Luna missing his broken hearted Daughter from his wild retreat, suspects her to have fled with him who had betrayed her love, and resolves upon an act of justice and revenge—the Bridal Banquet is prepared, the treachery of Alcala is consummated, Henrique arrives to keep his promise, and brings the Bride. De Luna (having discovered who was his secret foe) appears to demand his child—the wronged and the wronger meet."

D E N O U E M E N T.

HENRIQUE : OR, THE LOVE-PILGRIM.

A C T I.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

CHORUS.—*Zingari.*

Fiercely roars the mountain flood,
The lightning glares, the thunder peals,
Wildly shrieks the crashing wood,
Each sound some doomed victim seals.
Of absent friend
The wailing cry
By hoarse winds borne
Seems hurrying by.
Now meteors flash with fitful gleam,
Thro' darkness sounds some loved one's scream,
Red lightnings glare, we see the form
Of watched for friend sink 'neath the storm.

Deep in his ivy'd cave
Shrieks the gloomy owl,
Wild, o'er the blood-stained ledge
Wolves bark while they prowl.
Horror wings the storm,
Around each loved one twines despair,
Terror's wildest form
Where'er the wanderer turns seems there.

I N V O C A T I O N.

Awful spirit,
Oh shield the path of those we love,
The guard of those we watch for prove.
Again the tempest howls,
Horror wings the storm,
And now the dying winds
The cavern'd echos find—
And distant chimes in solemn peal
Upon their wearied voices steal.

Again it rises wild,
 Again the lightnings glare,
 Enraged, the storm fiend shrieks,
 Spreading dark despair.
 Save, oh save them,
 Oh set them free,
 Mystic spirit
 We bow to thee !

AIR.—*Alzine.*

Woe is me, woe is me,
 Why dost thou tarry father dear ?
 The wolves are prowling, night is drear,
 No moon shines forth to light thy way.
 Oh father dear I weep thy stay,
 In vain I've watch'd since died the day,
 Woe is me, woe is me !

CHORUS (*during the above*).

Darkling the night, stormy and drear,
 Weep lady, weep, he is not here.

CHORUS.—*Zingari.*

No signal yet, o'er hill or plain,
 Look out, look out, our watch is vain,
 Hail happy sight, yon distant gleam,
 Our friends approach, their torches beam.

Now from the distant hill
 The mule bells merry sound,
 Thro' orange grove and rill
 Echo wings around.
 Hark, their merry tinkling chime,
 List, still nearer comes the sound,
 Welcome home, from distant clime,
 Joy shall now abound,
 See, see the torrent ford they clear,
 Our friends approach, they're here, they're here.

Muleteers (meeting Zingari).

Welcome, welcome merry bell,
 By orange grove and rill,
 When of coming friends you tell
 Dearer welcome still;
 As o'er the sands they roam
 Muleteers are ever gay,
 Our mule bells tell of home,
 Be home where it may.

ENSEMBLE.

Welcome wanderers, welcome home,
No more the dreary waste to roam.

DUET.—*Henrique and Alzine.*

RECITATIVE.—*Henrique.*

Her cheek the rushing blood encrimsons now,
The silver music of her faltering voice,
Trembles at sound of mine, ah, does she love?

Alzine.

Poor silly heart, oh still thy throbbing pulse,
Why beat thy prison—wouldst thou fly that voice
Whose melody thy life is? ah, he comes!

AIR.—*Henrique.*

Say whither sweet maiden, say whither away,
Here Eden blooms ever while blest by thy stay,
Here flowers in modesty's beauty abound,
But thou art the fairest that blossoms around.

Alzine.

I hasten good stranger, the fresh gushing spring
There flowing invites me, its waters to bring,
To list to the song of its pure rippling stream,
See its tiny waves dance in the sun's golden beam.

Henrique.

But it flows by the door of thy cot gentle maid.

Alzine.

It is turbid and wild as it sweeps thro' the glade.

Henrique.

Just like love—

Alzine.

Ah, like love—

Henrique.

Pure and clear at the spring.

Alzine.

I hasten good stranger, its waters to bring.

RECITATIVE.—*Henrique (accompanied).*

Wilt thou trust me with thy vase?

Alzine.

Wilt thou pure its waters bring?

Henrique.

Were it Love's own fountain maiden,
With purity I'd seek thee laden.

Alzine.

Were it Love's own fountain springing,
The stream were purer for his bringing,
Oh take my vase !

Henrique.

Thy heart—

Alzine.

Oh take it,
Yet beware, a sigh will break it !

Henrique.

Ne'er will I cause sigh to break it !

AIR.—*Henrique.*

Oh bliss supreme ! thy lips have breathed my joy,
Thou'rt mine, that thought can every fear destroy.
From transport bright my spirit ne'er can sever,
If thou art mine, sweet maid, art mine for ever !

Alzine.

To faithful love do I resign my heart,
I'm thine, ne'er cause the sorrowing tear to start,
Joy trembling heart ! be peace thy tenant ever,
Whils tthou art mine, pure love and bliss can't sever !

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Alvaro.*

RECITATIVE.

Thou rock, whose caverns are my shelter, hail !
To thee thou giant solitary home,
The ingrate heart is ne'er thy welcome guest !
Sorrow and courage hallow thy vast wilds—
The grief struck soul finds refuge in thy calm !

AIR.

No more shall the trumpet of fame wake my soul,
The thunder of war now unheeded may roll,
In the wild and the forest, though doomed e'er to roam
The heart of the exile shall still find a home.

Farewell to the banners that waved in my halls,
 Won in fight from the foe who'd my country enchain,
 Farewell to my ivy incrust'd old walls
 Whose echo shall ne'er hear their master complain.
 Farewell to the hope that endeared the lov'd spot,
 The breath of the traitor that fond hope hath riven,
 On my bright shield of honor corrodes the foul blot,
 But truth lights my exile, though to the wild driven.
 No more shall the trumpet, &c.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Henrique.*

RECITATIVE.

Spirit of love, oh would thy gentle power,
 Could change my sceptre to the shepherd's crook,
 I'm with my flocks, my lowly maid draws near,
 What music's on the air? it is her voice!
 Echo entranced, repeats her silver tones,
 Oh joy of lowliness, she whispers love,
 Relentless fate, the vision's gone, hope flies,
 Though doomed to part, my heart must still adore!

AIR.

Bright-eyed Moorish maiden,
Formed for love,
Peri sweet of Aden,
Passion's gentle dove.
Whispers from thy lips fairest,
Steal souls hence,
While the loveliest charm thou wearest,
Is thine innocence.
Thy smile a Paradise is bringing,
Thy voice is like an angel's singing.
Bright eyed Moorish maiden,
Hushed my lute,
Round thee perfume laden,
List'ning winds are mute,
Nature tranced in pleasure,
Smiles on thee,
Aden's choicest treasure
Thou art formed to be.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Alzine*.

RECITATIVE.

Dear lute, thou art my solace, I hear thee
 And then I hope—what magic's in thy strain?
 My bosom's secret is revealed—sweet lute
 I need not hide me now, to hear thy notes
 Repeat the airs he taught me—airs so loved.

AIR.

Tell me lute why thy sweet note
 Such calm delight around me flings,
 'Tis because there seems to float
 That charm which chains me while he sings.
 True my lute thy song he tunes,
 In fancy I can hear his voice,
 Thus in thy tones my heart communes
 With him who bids that heart rejoice.
 Dear art thou lute though he's away,
 In thy sweet note he'll with me stay,
 Dear art thou lute, I touch thy strings,
 And he I love in fancy sings.

FINALE TO ACT I.

RECITATIVE (*accompanied*).

(*Alzine, attempting to escape, is detained by Carlos*).

Carlos.

Maiden stay—fear not, why dost thou tremble?

Alzine.

Sir knight

I fear not—tremble! why should I fear? away
 Ungentle knight.

Carlos.

Sweet mountain flower—

Alzine.

Begone,

Rude ruthless man—leave me discourteous knight!

Carlos.

Thy smile's to me a heaven of light and life.

Alzine.

His smile, his look seems hope and peace to blight.

My lovely prize—
Carlos,

Alzine.

Hence—I am Spain's daughter—
You are sworn her knight—

Carlos.

More fair in anger—
Why shun me trembling maid ?

Alzine.

Seeming friendless,
Mark, I have friends here.

Carlos.

Slave to thy beauties,
Those beauties shall be mine—in vain thy frowns.

Alzine.

Leave me—dread my anger !

Carlos.

Lovely in scorn
Sweet rose art thou—why thus so coy ?

Alzine.

Leave me—
Begone—father—why dost thou stay—

Carlos.

Thou art mine !

DUET.—*Carlos and Alzine.*

Carlos.

Come lovely forest rose outshine
The flowers that deck pride's bowers,
Thy simple beauties I'll entwine
To grace love's courtly hours.

Come lovely rose come.

Alzine.

Go knight forsworn go—
Go, let the forest rose entwine
Its leaves with woodland bowers,
Its simple buds would sadly pine,
Not grace love's courtly hours,

Go knight forsworn go.

RECITATIVE (*resumed*).

Carlos.

Foiled thus, shall I retire—no, fate forbid !

Alzine.

Haste, my father—aid me Fideo !

Carlos.

Ha !

Some mountain lover—thus I secure—

Alzine.

Here's aid !

Carlos.

Where ? speak—

Alzine.

There—

Carlos.

Meanest thou ?

Alzine.

Heaven hears my prayer.

Carlos.

Vain subterfuge—thou'rt mine—sweet rose my prize !

Alvaro (without).

Alzine—

Alzine.

My father !

Carlos.

Accursed chance.

Alvaro.

Alzine.

Alzine.

Here, father, here.

Carlos.

My power is foiled—

Alzine.

Father !

Alvaro.

Where art thou hid—where hast thou fled ? (*enters*)
my child !

Alzine, my heart's fond prize !

Carlos.

My hope is lost.

Alvaro.

Thy cheek is pale—

Alzine.

Pale, no—

Alvaro.

Thine eyes glare wildly.

Alzine.

Father, no—dissembling saves from danger (*aside*)
My father dear—why lowers thy brow thus? mark—

TRIO.—*Carlos, Alvaro, and Alzine.*

Alzine.

I have escaped a ravening wolf—
Reckless the monster—now, with brutal force
E'en now—he seized me—this brave knight—I'm safe

Carlos (aside).

I cannot dare a father's anger—ha—
Oh, woman's art—it never fails—beware—
I now submit—the time will come—'tis near!

Alvaro.

Speak thou beloved—dared this stranger? escaped!
A wolf—Oh, fearful thought—Oh, thought of horror!
My child thou'rt safe—my hope—safe in my arms!

Alzine.

Thou noble knight, full well thou'st kept thy vow,
Most brave and gallant knight—thanks thy courage
Well hath earned, thy heart now claims as due.

Carlos.

Proud and scornful woman—art ne'er failed thee.

Alvaro.

Thanks from a fond father's heart to thee—thanks
Thou gallant knight are due.

Alzine.

Hark, the hunters' horn—see our friends draw near.

Carlos.

'Tis my forest train—through the woods they hie.

Alvaro.

'Tis some forest train—see, our friends draw near.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Alvaro and Alzine.

Friends appear—wanderers free,
From deserts wild—here to be,
Stars their guide—o'er the sea.

Carlos.

Charms like hers—wandering maid,
Ne'er before has displayed,
These thy friends—can it be?

El Ximen and Chorus.

Friends are we—free and gay,
Music calls—we obey,
False is he—young though he be.

ENSEMBLE.

Hark, through the wild the hunters' merry notes
On sportive winds 'mid mocking echoes float.

CHORUS (*echoed by hunters*).

Boldly the hunter sweeps through the glade,
He the forest scours,
Quick the boar must fly,
Quick he'll fly.

Echo the music his bugle made
Sings to woodland bowers,
Soon the wolf must die,
Soon he'll die.

Vainly flies the gore stained forest savage,
Ne'er again our peaceful fields he'll ravage.
Hunter, range thou free,
'Neath the greenwood tree.

Boldly the hunter, &c.

Alzine.

Fideo haste—why thus away—why stay?
Poor heart be calm.

Carlos.

Dark night will come—she's mine!
Night's gloom will aid.

Afra.

She seeks her hunter lover—speak trembler speak.

Alvaro.

'Tis plain she loves him—Alzine my lov'd child,
He's lowly born—stern fate's decree—stern fate
Hath humbled me—pride then away—away.

Henrique.

Can this disguise deceive love's eyes? Alzine!

Carlos (aside).

Farewell La Guardia's Lord's thy beauty's slave,
A love that ne'er will change my bosom feels,
Nay turn not from me, listen to my vows.

Alzine (aside).

Sir knight, this insult cease—I fear not now—
Begone, I will not hear thee—may betray.

Henrique.

Beware of the false one—beware—beware !

Henrique and Chorus.

Beware, says a star in the dark blue sky,
Here—here revealed, fate's mysteries lie.

ENSEMBLE.—*Alvaro, Alzine, and Afra.*

What means this tale of doom, this mystery, speak ?

Carlos.

'Tis some art, awe to spread o'er my heart.

CHORUS.—*Zingari.*

What, what saith the stars, search the dark blue sky,
There revealed to our eye, fate's mysteries lie.

Henrique.

Now should she speak—if known all's lost, Alzine.

Alzine.

Ha, thou art come—why this disguise—oh speak ?

Henrique.

If that thou lov'st truly, thou'lt trust thy love.

Afra.

Stranger, she loves truly, if thou play'st false
Harm fall thy future path.

CHORUS.

What, what say the stars, &c.

SOLO.—*Henrique.*

I read there a tale of a gay young knight,
Who would trusting friendship blight,
Stranger, say, can it be, that a knight gay and free,
In the broad face of day, friend and love would betray.

CHORUS.

He reads a tale of friendship's blight,
Of love forsworn by gay young knight,
Stranger, say, can it be &c.

DUET.—*Carlos and Alvaro (during the above).*

Carlos.

They threat some ill impending,
Some darkling deed intending.

Alvaro.

His spirit shrinks awe bidden,
Some mystery here is hidden.

RECITATIVE.—*Alzine.*

What means my bosom's terror? doubt and fear
Alternate sway—

Afra.

Be calm!

Henrique.

Why doubts my love?

CHORUS.

Mark, gloom o'erhangs his brow,
Doubt darkens o'er him now.

El Ximen and Zingari.

See, through the thicket a stranger flies,
This way he comes, fear in his eyes,
See, he dismounts, on speed intent,
He sees us, here his steps are bent.

Carlos.

What gloomy fears foreboding ill,
My limbs enchain, my senses chill,
As stormy cloud o'ershadows light,
So coming harm spreads dread and blight.

CHORUS (*during the above*).

What gloomy fear like stormy cloud
All dark and drear, his hopes enshroud.

Leolf (rushing in).

Good masters aid, fierce armed men
Have seized a lady in the glen,
The maid their lawful prize they deem,
Though soldiers of the king they seem.

Carlos.

The lady's name?

Leolf.

Alcala's bride.

Carlos (aside to Rodrigo).

All's lost.
The Lady of Valentia seized--all's known—
And ruin whelms me.

Henrique (aside to Leolf).

My orders are obeyed ?

Leolf (aside to Henrique).

They are my leige, thy orders are obeyed.

Henrique (aside).

Now, traitor tremble, thou, thy falsehood's known,
Beware my anger !

Alzine.

What thought o'erjoys thee ?
Oh speak love, art thou changed to thy Alzine ?

Henrique.

Calm thy fears my heart's adored, loved Alzine.

Alzine.

That happy sound brings joy and pleasure back.

Henrique.

Traitor beware, thou'rt known, thy bride's my thrall.

Alzine.

Joy to this faithful heart !

Henrique.

I'll ne'er deceive thee !

Leolf.

Stern duty conquers where my love was reigning.

Carlos.

If all be lost, all known, my hope destroyed,
Revenge shall sweeten all—

Triumph's secure !

To horse and away my bride to secure,

No monarch shall trample on rights that are mine,
My hope thus destroy'd, my revenge shall be sure,
Though I sacrifice life on the fierce sanguine shrine.

ENSEMBLE.

Alvaro.

Sorrow begone, regret hence away,
 Treason stands confess'd,
 Tho' dark and drear these forest glades,
 Weary hearts find rest;
 Hence, hence vain pride, as hopes decay,
 Peace shall fill my breast.

Henrique.

Hence, hence vain doubts, my heart is thine own,
 My love is true sweet maid,
 Beware false friend, now thy treason's known,
 Its memory shall not fade;
 Here in these dark and gloomy shades
 A double vow I've made.

Leolf.

Sweet hope begone, she's lost, lost to me,
 Still my love shall live,
 Duty though stern, obeyed shalt thou be,
 Though life with love I give;
 Adieu sweet maid, adieu still too dear,
 Can love though hopeless live.

Afra.

To horse, to horse, begone as you may,
 Your bride shall be lost!
 To horse, to horse, thou art false, hence away,
 Love's path thou hast cross'd!
 Begone, to horse, begone, why delay,
 Thy fate is tempest toss'd!

El Ximan and Zingari Chorus.

To horse and away, thy bride else is lost,
 The dark fates oppose thee, the doom stars have cross'd
 A king is thy rival, thy hopes are all fled,
 On the winds are thy wishes, by evil sprites led.
 To horse bridegroom fly,
 Thy hopes all shall die.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T I I.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

BRIDAL CHORUS.

Joy to the bride, to the lovely bride,
 Sweet as blooming spring,
 Gay as opening morn;
 Bright may her life as a summer glide
 Pure as zephyr's wing
 Fresh from rose new born.
 Merry maids are wreathing
 Orange blossoms fair,
 Blessings o'er them breathing,
 Bride, for thy dark hair.
 Strike, strike the gay guitar,
 Pure shall our offering be,
 Gay as our youthful hearts,
 Bride, free from guile like thee.
 Long may thy virtues be our theme,
 Viva—viva, sing viva,
 Long live the bride in joy supreme,
 Viva—viva, sing viva.

RECITATIVE,

Leolf.

Why me pursue?

Amabel.

Nay brave Senor—

Leolf.

Away!

Fair maid, my heart is gone.

Amabel.

Poor heart quite gone?

Leolf.

To one adored—

Amabel.

So ungallant, oh fie!

A lady merits more Senor, than this.

Leolf.

Wise Moslem law, which chains thy sex at home,
I would 'twas here in force !

Amabel.

Oh, cruel wish,
Thou'lt love again !

Leolf.

No ne'er—with heart goes life !

Amabel.

I'd wager life—

Leolf.

'Twere lost, my love is vowed !

Amabel.

I'll change thy creed.

Leolf.

My heart is sworn to truth !

DUET.—*Leolf and Amabel.*

Amabel.

Oh do not scorn a loving maid,
Whose tender heart
Hath felt Love's dart,
And by thy winning smiles betray'd.

Leolf.

Oh do not mock me cruel maid,
My faithful heart
Which own's Love's smart
Can ne'er to falsehood yield betray'd.

Amabel.

Cruel knight—love to blight.

Leolf.

Silly maid—vows I've made.

Leolf and Amabel (together)

Leolf.

Dona cease—go pretty stranger,
My love's so true 'twill dare all danger,

Amabel.

Senor fly—or dread your danger,
Your love shall yield to me a stranger.

Leolf.

I defy glance of fire from thine eye.

Amabel.

I deny thou canst fly from mine eye.

Leolf.

Yes—yes—yes.

Amabel.

No—no—no.

Amabel.

Cruel knight, wilt thou fly me,
Canst thou think her true,
Thou art plighted to ?
Fie Senor, wilt deny me,
Dost thou love so well
Faithless Amabel.

Leolf.

Dona cease, ne'er defame her,
Think'st thou Amabel
'Tis I love so well ?
Prythee pause, do not name her,
Were she lost to me
I could ne'er love thee.

Amabel.

Prythee look in my face,
Will you break my poor heart ?

Leolf.

Silly maid 'tis in vain—
Pray depart—pray depart.

Amabel.

Cruel knight, you dare not on me gaze,
How the boaster, your conduct betrays.

Leolf (aside).

Tho' absent, still faithful to thee love,
In the light of thy beauty I move.

Amabel.

His heart's truth I've proved,
Still I'm prized, dearly loved,
Yet to tease him—I faint—for help fly,
Oh, I sink cruel, knight ! oh, I die !

Leolf.

What to do—she will die,
How to act—where to fly,
Help I'll call, or she'll die,
Can it be—

Amabel (mocking).

Where to fly.

Leolf (seeing her face).

Can it be?

Amabel.

Oh, I die!

Ha—ha—ha—ha!

Leolf (sheepishly).

Ha—ha—ha—ha!

(Both join joyously in the laugh).

Together.

Dearest maid thus thou see'st me true.
Faithful knight, yes, I see thee true.
Ne'er again { thou'lt } doubt { my } love.
 { I'll } { thy }
I've sworn } to thee my faith due,
I own }
And time itself that faith shall prove.

Leolf.

Dearest maid, oh believe me,
'Twas true love did deceive me.

Amabel.

Cruel knight, wilt deceive me,
If I fondly believe thee?

Leolf.

Oh believe me—dearest maid.

Amabel.

I believe thee—faithful knight.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Leolf.*

RECITATIVE.

Gay Tournament, bright glowing scene,
To youth and valor Love holds forth a prize,
'Tis a young maiden's heart, I dare the field,

That young heart loves me, victory then is mine,
Sound trumpets sound, to drown all hopeless sighs.

AIR.

With spear and shield, and true love's gage,
I sally forth where gallant knights
And merry maids
All gaily throng—love's tournament,
And music's sound
Spreads joys around.
With bounding heart, fierce war I wage,
'Gainst all who dare for love's delights
Seek myrtle shades,
Or pass the hours—'mid roseate bowers,
With hope's bright smile—and flattering wile,
Resolved to sway
The festive day,
Oh, the gallant happy thought,
Mine's the prize so boldly sought.

The lists are formed, the trumpets sound,
Love's champions pace the brilliant round,
The beam of one bright eye meets mine,
That glance shall victory round me twine.
Thy love is mine—my trusty glaive
Shall justify the love you gave,
Oh, the gallant happy thought,
Mine's the love so boldly sought.

With spear and shield, &c.

SCENA.—*Alzine.*

RECITATIVE.

Oh, I was happy, rank and pride forgot,
My joy my father's smile, thou cam'st my love,
My virgin heart's first lord, doubt shadowed o'er me,
My soul felt fear, I knew not why—lowly
Thou didst see me and yet did love, fear hence—
I ne'er can doubt that love.

AIR.

Thou lov'st me now, I hear thy vow,
 When wilt thou change, sad heart say when,
 Hast heard my theme, wealth, rank, a dream,
 Or when thou dost, wilt love me then?
 Dream my heart of bliss supreme,
 As changeless as thy pure feeling,
 What sorrow 'twere to break that dream
 With truth thy fond hope stealing,
 When thou view'st my youth's sad morn,
 Wealth and rank all past and gone,
 Wilt thou love me then?
 Sadly I'd mourn thee, if thou wert untrue,
 Slowly my heart break, tho' ne'er known to you,
 Yes dearly still I'd love thee,
 Tho' hope must decay,
 Still fondly think upon thee,
 Tho' fading away.
 Thou lov'st me now, &c. &c.

RECITATIVE.

Heart, why dost thou doubt, why tremble at thy doubt?
 Thou'rt most assured he's true, yet scarce believe
 Such joy, such bliss thine own—yes happy maid,
 It is reality, rejoice, doubt dies!

AIR.

Peace, peace, oh trembling heart,
 Happy maid rejoice,
 Thy love is true;
 Heart, heart, bid sighs depart,
 Merry lute and voice,
 Joy's themes renew.
 Again beneath the Night Queen's silver beam,
 Entranced we'll haunt the fragrant olive grove,
 Again renew love's glowing dream,
 Fresh springing joys where'er we rove.
 Yes, yes, trembling heart be gay.
 Merry lute and voice fond themes renew,
 Heart, heart, chase doubt away,
 Happy maid rejoice, my love is true.

DUET.—*Alvaro and Carlos.*RECITATIVE.—*Alvaro (accompanied).*

My native land, there's magic in thy name !
 The Moor would ravage thy green fields, why sleeps,
 Why sleeps the warder ? where's the bold alarm
 Alvaro would have sounded ?

Carlos.

Who art thou
 Dare name a traitor with unblushing brow ?

Alvaro.

Say who art thou dare name him, traitor say ?

Carlos.

He sold name, fame and land, for Moorish gold !

Alvaro.

A foe, I must beware ! (*recoiling*).

Carlos.

He's lost to shame !

Alvaro.

A foe—

Carlos.

To honor dead !

Alvaro.

I must beware !

Carlos.

He country sold—

Alvaro.

Oh, false !

Carlos.

For Moorish gold !

Alvaro.

Oh, could I trace the coward knave,
 Before the light I'd drag the slave,
 Before the world his guilt proclaim,
 And brand with shame the craven's name.

Carlos.

Conscience her chain now winds around me,
 The fiends of doom by fate have bound me,
 My spirit writhes in fierce despair,
 Each way I look the wronged one's there.

Together.

RECITATIVE.—*Carlos (resumed).*

Who art thou, who'd thy vengeance wreak
On one thou know'st not, stranger speak?

Alvaro.

I must beware (*aside*) behold a humble friend,
A lover of De Luna's fame.

Carlos.

A friend!

I'll track, yes, closely watch thee, thou'rt my foe!
Thy name? what man art thou whose burning hate
Thus for another speaks in fire?

Alvaro.

Wilt list

A tale of shame?

Carlos.

Speak thou, I list thy tale.

Alvaro.

My heart will bleed within me while I tell
The wrongs of him, once his loved country's pride.

Carlos.

Remorseful memory paints too well the tale,
But my foe ne'er shall triumph in my fears.

AIR.—*Carlos.*

Mark, I tell of a knight once the pride of his race,
Alas, falsehood's tongue o'er his name cast disgrace,
My heart bleeds within me, that knight well I know,
Saved his king from the traitor, his land from the foe.

Alvaro.

Mark, thou tell'st of a knight, in thy tale I can trace,
The foe of his land, and the shame of his race,
My rage rises fiercely, for too well I know
He his king sold to traitors, his land to the foe.

RECITATIVE.—*Alvaro (accompanied).*

False as the fiend, and basely vile the slave
Who stabs with friendship's smile.

Carlos.

I'll prove
The traitor's guilt, he sold his king, I'll prove.

Both.

A nation's vengeance tracks the slave,
His shame shall last beyond the grave.

Alvaro.

Oh, could I trace, &c. &c.

Carlos.

Conscience thy chain, &c. &c.

} *Repeated.*

RECITATIVE.—*Alvaro.*

Hark, the Moor his challenge soundeth.

Carlos.

No foe
Dares bear the hostile crescent near my gate,
What knight would pause at his lov'd country's cry,
I brave the Moslem when my country calls,
On, rush on for Spain !

AIR.—*Alvaro.*

When to the conflict duty calls,
Heaven guards the true and brave,
Undying fame wins he who falls
His native land and love to save.

Carlos.

When to the conflict duty calls,
The Paynim chivalry to brave,
Bright victory's wreath cheers him who falls
His native land and love to save.

Both.

Tho' fiercely the Moors from the mountains rush,
Tho' wild their war cry as they scour our plains,
Their crescent we'll dim in the day's first blush,
And track their rude path with despair and chains.

Maids of fair Castile, weep not, cease your fears,
Oh, stain not your warriors' arms with your tears,
Children, oh, cling not, nor wives the path bar,
Of sire and husband thus called to the war.

When to the conflict, &c. &c.

AIR.—*Amabel.*

Merry hearted maids, who love the moonlight dance,
 To form youth's joyous bridal train advance,
 Never ending joys and pleasure round ye spreading,
 Haste, haste to trip it at our Spanish wedding;
 Come gay guitars bring tuneful strains,
 Come pretty tongues bring pretty prattle,
 Come merry hearts from olive plains,
 Bring castanets in merry rattle.

Cavaliers we can't excuse you,
 Star eyed maidens Hymen woos you,
 Gay hearts, mirth around ye shedding,
 Hasten to our Spanish wedding.

Should we find one gloomy creature
 Who would mar our festive sport,
 With fretful sigh or doleful feature,
 We'll banish him from Hymen's court;

We want not frowns, but merry faces,
 With music's charms, the dances graces,
 Let care strive, for power in vain,
 We banish him youth's bridal train.
 Merry hearted maids, &c.

SCENA.—*Alvaro.*

RECITATIVE.

Hope, delusive tempter, cheering thy song,
 Dare I believe thy seraph smile, sadness,
 Thy throne too long my heart has been, my soul
 Believes the flatterer's song, and joys in calm.

AIR.

Ye sacred spirits of my warrior race,
 Restore my banner stainless of disgrace,
 Forth from your tombs ye warrior spirits see,
 Our shield of arms, from foul dishonor free.

RECITATIVE (*accompanied*).

The warder's challenge sounds upon mine ear,
 Now memory bears me to my once proud towers,
 Sweet hope, delusive tempter, thou hast stolen
 The sting from memory, I believe thy smile.

AIR.

Methinks I tread my father's halls
 With childhood's happy step and grace,
 Methinks I see the banner'd walls
 And youth's most joyous scenes retrace;
 Yes I behold my father's eye,
 Smile as it smiled on me of yore,
 When knighthood's spur, and panoply
 On victory's field I won and wore:
 Oh happy thoughts, ye glow, ye burn,
 Joys past, more brightly to return.
 Home of my youth, free, free from care,
 Again I plant my standard there,
 What rapturous thought, what joys combine,
 Again my father's halls are mine.

SERENADE.—*Henrique.*

RECITATIVE.

Night reigns supreme, while stillness guards her
 throne,
 Queen of my soul unclosethine eyes, appear,
 And nature wakes to melody and light.

AIR.

From slumber wake thee, sweet maid,
 The flowers around thee are sleeping;
 Thy sweet eyes unclosethine dear maid,
 The breeze dewy tear drops is weeping.
 Dear maid there's a heart whose hope must weep,
 While thou art a captive to balmy sleep:
 Dear maid there's a heart that's sad and lone,
 While slumber is making thine eyes its throne.

Haste thee—haste thee, dearest maid,
 Haste thee—haste thee, night will fade;
 Oh, uncloseth thy laughing eyes
 And gloom at once in daylight dies.

The Moon is shining high,
 The Stars illumine the sky.

From slumber wake thee, &c.

FINALE TO ACT II.

DUET.—*Henrique and Alzine.**Alzine.*

Oh, joy of love, my fears were vain,
My heart feels hope's bright beam again.

Henrique.

Ah, ne'er can I such bliss resign,
To gaze on thee and know thee mine.

RECITATIVE.—*Carlos.*

Seize him—away—my prize art thou, sweet maid.

Rodrigo.

Yield thee, hunter—thus we seize thee—yield—yield—
Peasant yield—

Henrique.

Off, ye knaves unhand me—back—dare ye slaves
Thus bind me—base miscreant back—coward slaves—

Alzine.

Help—father help, oh aid—save me, your child—

Carlos.

'Tis the King!

CHORUS.—*Zingari.*

Who on the still night breaks with ruffian power?
Let him beware the doom that guards the hour.

Alvaro.

I heard loud cries—ha! how now! my child speak.
Speak friends—

Alzine.

Fideo hath preserved thy child!

Alvaro.

My son! my son!

Alzine.

Didst hear? (*to Henrique*).

Alvaro.

Who blights our peace?

Ha! this knight! the same who—fear not my child!

DUET.—*Alvaro and Henrique.*

Thou blot to honor, stain to manhood's name,
In thee, the spur of knighthood's doom'd to shame,

Henrique.

Draw not thy sword, in vain thy rage,
War with the base I scorn to wage;

Both.

Thou craven—wronger of a woman—go,
Thou'rt all unworthy of a father's blow!

CHORUS.

Draw not thy sword, &c.

Carlos.

Say, when wilt thou wed, sir forester bold?
'Tis a right noble choice—a peerless fair.

Henrique.

Base sneering fiend—catiff—insulting slave.

Carlos.

The King lacks a love—could he see thy bride,
His throne she'd share.

Henrique.

Fiend—traitor—I'm thy King—
Thy King and master.

Alzine.

Ah!

ENSEMBLE.

The King! a blight is on the sound,
Like simoom speeding fate around.

Alzine.

Break, heart betray'd, so fondly lov'd, so false.

Henrique.

Passion accurst—treason abhorred—despised—

Alzine.

My joy was bright, and now 'tis quenched in night.

Henrique.

My fatal falsehood withers thee sweet flower.

Alzine.

Father, now welcome death—oh, cruel king!

QUINTETTE.

Henrique, Alvaro, Carlos, Alzine and Afra.

Alzine.

Oh why didst thou seek me, my young hopes to blight,
Ah why promise brightness, to leave endless night,
Ere I knew thee my bosom was peaceful and gay;
Thou hast taught me to love, that my hopes might decay.
Ah why can such softness such dark guile betray,
Yes, I love thee, tho' hope and life wither away.

Henrique

Oh, lovely blighted flower.
 Oh, cruel hapless hour,
 I love, yet work thy harm,
 Fly, yet adore each charm,
 Is there of hope no ray,
 Must love wither away.

Alvaro, Carlos, and Afra.

Hope now hath left her.
 Joy seems bereft her,
 O'er her young heart's bloom
 Spread tears and dark gloom,
 Youth and life decay,
 For hope withers away.

RECITATIVE.—*Henrique (resumed)*

Ah, must I then resign so fair a flower?

Alzine.

Away—hence, away—oh father dear
 Forgive your child!

*Henrique.**Alzine.**Alvaro.*

Begone! leave her,
 Thou cruel, leave her!—dar'st thou gaze here?

Henrique.

Alzine, oh hear, yet hear me!

El Ximen.

Come not near,
 Come not near, we will defend her, come not near!

Alvaro.

Hence away, approach her not, hence begone!
 Poison is in thy breath—she's withering now.

El Ximen.

Oh, sight of grief—thou man of woe be calm.

Alvaro.

Her father hears the wild pulse of her heart.

Afra.

Oh, man of woe be calm!

Alvaro.

Ah, ne'er again,
 Hence—thou art lost—art lost my loved Alzine.

CHORUS.—*Zingari.*

Trait'rous knaves—faithless slaves,
 Crowding round their ruthless king,
 Where peace and joy dwell—madly bring
 Heart-rending woe, with direful blow,
 But justice has its own true hour,
 Revenge, revenge is in our power!

Alvaro.

My child, can love so pure be thus repaid.

SOLO.—*Alvaro.*

I gave her to thee, thou hadst won her love
 With a smile and a serpent tongue,
 Thy false faith hath blighted my gentle dove,
 And she withers yet lovely and young.
 Lo! her father warns thee (with heart of flame)
 Of guilt's hereafter—of life's foul shame,
 Be on thee for ever my curses wild,
 My old heart is breaking—my child—my child!

CHORUS.—*The Bann of the Outcasts.*

Woe—woe to thee
 By sea and land—by heart and hand,
 By steel and wood—by fire and flood,
 Woe—woe to thee
 By the day's warm light—by the chill dark night,
 By the summer's glow—by the winter's snow,
 By the traitor's smile—by the false friend's guile,
 Woe—woe to thee!
 May sleep fly thee—hope deny thee,
 May pleasure prove to thee fierce pain,
 Till madly thou call'st death in vain,
 Woe by the stars, woe by the sun,
 Woe! woe! woe!
 Till thy race be run!

Henrique.

Treason ne'er can fright my soul,
 Threats my will shall ne'er controul,
 I, sword in hand, disdain to fly,
 Ye base born slaves, a king I'll die.

ENSEMBLE.

Henrique, Alvaro, Carlos, Rodrigo, Alzine, & Afra.

Alzine.

Fear o'erwhelms me, I dread their fury—spare,
 Father save him—his life they seek—save him—
 Father protect, spare, oh spare him—for me—
 I would not harm—they'll strike him dead—mercy!

Afra.

Oh, heaven save him from their anger! save him—
His life they seek—dear lady spare—behold!
He's lost! they rage, he's lost, friends, friends forbear

Henrique.

Your threats but meet my deepest scorn—slaves back
Outlaws' threats I defy—your rage despise!
Seek ye my life, I sell life dear—back slaves!

Alvaro.

Dares he my rage—a father's wrongs proud king?
Away my child, he spared not thee—revenge!
My woes shall strike! cling not to me, base king!

Carlos and Rodrigo.

They seek his life—but flight can save—away!
Back outlaw knaves—if we delay, back! back!
His life is lost—quick Prince, begone—away!

CHORUS.

Foul slaves no power shall save, no rank protect
Away, begone,
Despair shall blight thy heart,
Remorse from thee shall ne'er depart,
Like raging fire, like rushing flood,
Smite the traitor—spill his blood.

Henrique.

Traitors cannot fright, &c.

Alzine.

Oh father thou canst save him from their rage,
Thy child entreats thine aid.

Alvaro.

Revenge! revenge!
He spared not thee, thy peace his breath destroyed!

Carlos.

Should they now strike, all's lost—he must be saved!

Alzine.

Oh, spare him, spare, or I die with him—spare,
Oh, father, mercy—or strike through my heart!

SOLO.—*Alzine.*

By that fond love my torn heart feels,
So scorned—so pure—so true,
Here will I cling till cold death seals
My truth before his view.

ENSEMBLE (*repeated*).

CHORUS.

Away, begone!
Despair shall blight thy heart.
&c. &c. &c.

TABLEAU.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

INTRODUCTION.

CHORUS.—*Zingari*.

Lurk
Thro' dark ravine—thro' thicket green,
Lurk
If the wild we'd rove
By the lake and grove,
And still be free,
Hushed must we be.
Hushed
'Neath star-lit dome,
In caverned home,
We'll cease to roam.
Lurk, &c. &c.

RECITATIVE.—*El Ximen*.

Back to the rock and darkling glade,
The traitor comes, the signal's made,
Back, let my orders be obeyed.

ROUND AND CHORUS.—*Zingari*.

O'er rock and valley the Panym hosts come,
The crescent gleams o'er shield and spear,
O'er lake and valley now rolls the war drum,
To measured tramp and clarion clear—

Tho' noisy cymbal's clash be hushed,
 Woe should the red cross warriors sleep;
 Tho' mute their march, ere morn has blushed,
 The maids of fair Castile will weep;
 List to the roll of distant drums,
 The Moslem foeman hither comes,
 Out with the red cross banner knights,
 For home and love each warrior fights.
 O'er rock and valley, &c. &c.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Alvaro.*

RECITATIVE.

And art thou gone? my dearly loved, my child,
 Could not my grey hairs bind thee, couldst thou fly?
 My aged eyes dimmed with fond tears—fly—
 Were all forgotten—all—
 Oh, most unnatural and heartless child—
 My faltering tongue lingers o'er thy dear name—
 Blindness were bliss—these citron scented groves,
 These myrtle bowers all tell a tale of thee.
 Now as I gaze, all seem to fade and die,
 Oh bounteous earth be desert like my heart,
 Poisonous to life, baneful as simoom's blast,
 Thy healthful and sweet waters, like my blood,
 Changing to quenchless fires—oh dreadful prayer,
 She's gone, yet she's my child so lov'd—she's gone—
 My spell of life is broken—broken—
 Crack, break ye tortured life strings, close ye eyes,
 None but a father knows a father's heart.

AIR.

Child of my love why didst thou from me part,
 Thou, whom my heaven of bliss did seem?
 Hope of my age, thy smiles that cheered my heart
 Are lost—all lost—as 'twere a dream;
 No more, no more shall thy playful hands
 Cull flowers to please thy father's eyes,
 Thy seat is vacant now, it lonely stands,
 Thy lute with strings half broken, sighs,
 Now methinks I hear a sound
 Borne on airy wings,
 Like her sweet greeting,
 Some angel her lute hath found,
 And now strikes its strings,
 Her name repeating.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Henrique.*

RECITATIVE.

Lost, art thou lost, my gem of life and love,
 Stern fate why bind my brow with sorrow's crown,
 The serf finds peace, for love spreads oft his couch,
 The monarch knows no joy, of love bereft—
 Hope of my heart, for ever lost—farewell!

AIR.

Oh, weep not sweet maiden, oh, weep not for me,
 My barb waits impatient to bear me from thee,
 My love for the maiden, no tongue e'er can tell,
 Yet fate now compels my heart's lingering farewell.
 Sweet maid thou shalt find to thy love I am sworn,
 In my bosom thine image mid dangers is borne,
 Thy name in the battle my war cry shall be,
 And my last thought of life shall cling fondly to thee.
 Why dost thou weep, dearest maiden farewell,
 My love and my truth fairest tongue can ne'er tell,
 When the trumpet is sounded and honor bids arm,
 Thro' the ranks of the foe shall thy name strike alarm.
 Their blood on my lance, and thy form in my eye,
 Ho forward—ho forward, the Moslem shall fly—
 Yes, for thee will I win fame from out the Moor's hold
 Shout merry men, shout for the fair and the bold!

Oh weep not sweet maiden, &c.

On to the battle with lance, and with brand,
 My motto—sweet lady love, dear native land.

CHORUS.—*Zingari.*

Fiends of night fly hence,
 Wake thou red day wake,
 To our task of doom lead,
 Be it good or ill deed—
 Woe we'll whisper woe,
 Breathe of crimes we know,
 Foes shall feel, not see whence
 Falls our silent blow.

Where grew dates and sweet myrrh,
 Where our happy homes where,
 Now the whirlwind sweepeth
 And the plague spot creepeth,
 Now the dark owl shrieketh,
 And the wolf prey seeketh,
 Where we hide from false man,
 'Neath his curse and ban.

Fiends of night fly hence, &c.
 We no wine want, wine none,
 While the rock springs free run,
 And our feast is spread far
 As the berries red are,
 We, nor courts nor kings know,
 Nor to laws they make bow.
 Be our bold hearts gay—free,
 Tho' we wanderers be.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Carlos.*

RECITATIVE.

My guiding star, ambition, heaven born,
 Love follows thee, were fame is, love will dwell.
 In wooing thee, I woo my lady love.

A I R.

Bright shines my beacon from afar,
 My heart's fond hope, my guiding star,
 To live in sorrow, to die in shame
 Be mine, or win both love and fame.
 The trumpet's blasts my morning's prime.
 Sweet woman's smile my calm of eve,
 Say what is life, or wealth, or time,
 If they of fame and love bereave.
 Ambition is my spirit's god,
 Sweet woman's smile my dearest prize,
 Fame, bright fame, my soul's first hope,
 My charm of life sweet woman's eyes.
 Who would not die for love and fame,
 Shall live in darkness, die in shame.

Bright shines my beacon, &c.

FINALE TO ACT III.

RECITATIVE (*accompanied*).*Alvaro,*

Ruthless king, answer to a father, man,
 If man thou art, where is my child? silent!
 Silent! the blow is hallowed then—die.

Alzine.

Ha, Fideo, that name forgive, thou'rt safe,
My father 'tis, he would not harm.

Henrique.

That voice!

The same which first my charmed heart enthralled.

Alvaro.

My child—

*Henrique.**Alzine.**Alzine.*

He'd not harm—Fideo save.

SOLO.—*Henrique.*

Spirit of love, yes 'tis thy gentle power
 Hath brought my lowly maid, my drooping flower,
 My dream was true, mine art thou from this hour.

Henrique.

Alzine my loved bride.

Alvaro.

Ha! hear I truly,

Have I then so wronged thee, my own sweet child.

Carlos.

Is he not traitor who would stain his throne.
 By puling passion for a low born slave?

Alvaro.

Slave! no slave is she fiend, she is my child,
 And nobly born, the daughter of Alvaro!

*Carlos.*Alvaro living—ha—knows he then all (*aside*)*Henrique.*

Eternal heaven! Alvaro thou?

Alvaro.

Behold.

My base accuser there—mark well this scroll.
He sells ye to the Moor!

AIR.—*Henrique, (taking the scroll).*

Traitor! base traitor!

Unworthy man's revenge, or honest hate,
Loathsome to love art thou, accurs'd of fate.
Thy crimes all ties of life shall sever,
And honor's ban be on thee ever.

Carlos.

Still triumph's mine—upon them friends.

Alvaro.

Slave! slave!

Carlos.

Why move ye not? ha! betrayed! upon them.—

Alvaro.

Slave, my word alone moves that faithful band,
The outlaw brings his outlaw friends to save
King, country, all, show friends for Spain's truesons.

CHORUS.—*Knights, Nobles, and Zingari.*

Traitor hence, from our sight, hence away,
Traitor hence, let thy guilt shun the day,
The land of thy birth casts thee off,
Thy breathing polluteth the air,
Thy name shall henceforth be a scoff,
And loathsome thy memory—despair!

Carlos (during the above).

The serpent tho' cleft shall unite,
Tho' prostrate, again spring to might,
And tho' trampled the poisonous flower,
In time grows to beauty and power.

RECITATIVE (*resumed*).

Alzine.

Father, still thine, I cling to share thy fate.

Alvaro.

My child, forgive oh Prince a father's ire.

Henrique.

My bride, Alzine, must now forgive us both.

Alvaro.

My child thy bride! hear I aright?

Henrique.

Alzine,

My bride adored—

Alzine.

Father, oh, blissful hope.

TRIO.—*Henrique, Alvaro, and Alzine.*

Alvaro.

A wild joy throbs thro' each swelling vein,
With bliss so great, belief or doubt is pain,
A father's sorrows have not been in vain.

Henrique.

A wild joy gleams, my heart will ne'er resign,
Men seek the brightest gem in darkest mine,
My mountain maid, my throne my love is thine.

Alzine.

Oh wild joy, go star of honor, go,
Thou art a king, and I a maiden low,
It must not be, yet hopes each moment grow.

RECITATIVE (*resumed*).

Alvaro.

Read, read my child—

Alzine.

Eyes ye are full, father,
Oh happy maiden—yes, oh blest Alzine.

(*Reading*)

“Thy fame unstained—thy lands restored, are free,
“Thy shield of arms without one blot.” Oh joy!

QUINTETTE (*during the above*).

Henrique, Alvaro, Leolf, Amabel and Afra.

Henrique.

Behold the shrine love's pilgrim sought so long,
Behold that virtue lowliness hath seen,
Must not a throne be graced by gem so pure,
Bow before love's throne, behold your Queen!

Leolf, Amabel and Afra.

Oh, beautiful shrine of lowly worth so pure.

Alvaro.

Behold the shrine of duteous worth most pure.

CHORUS.

Hail to our Queen !
 Joy to our Queen !
 Long as the sun, his course shall run,
 Joy to our Queen !
 Hail to our Queen !

DUET,—*Henrique and Alzine.*

Alzine.

What rapture, my heart o'erflows,
 My soul with grateful pleasure glows.

Oh, rapture !

A heaven around me seems to dwell.

Henrique.

My heart's fair Queen, my matchless prize,
 Before thy truth e'en envy flies.

Oh, rapture !

My tongue fails such bliss, such joy to tell.

CHORUS. (*during the above*).

Peace and glory round her dwell.

ENSEMBLE.

Hail to our Queen !

Joy to our Queen !

&c. &c. &c.

May time strew roses o'er her way of life,
 A thornless path, a fragrant blooming plain,
 Each day be one with grateful blessings rife,
 One lasting triumph be her happy reign,
 One lasting triumph be her reign.

Her happy reign !

Without a grief, without a dream of pain,

One joy her reign !

TABLEAU.

END OF THE OPERA.